WHEELER & WILSON'S
SEWING MACHINE!
WHO WRITES FOR IT?
SEND FOR A CIRCULAR, AND SEE.
Office 505 Broadway, New York

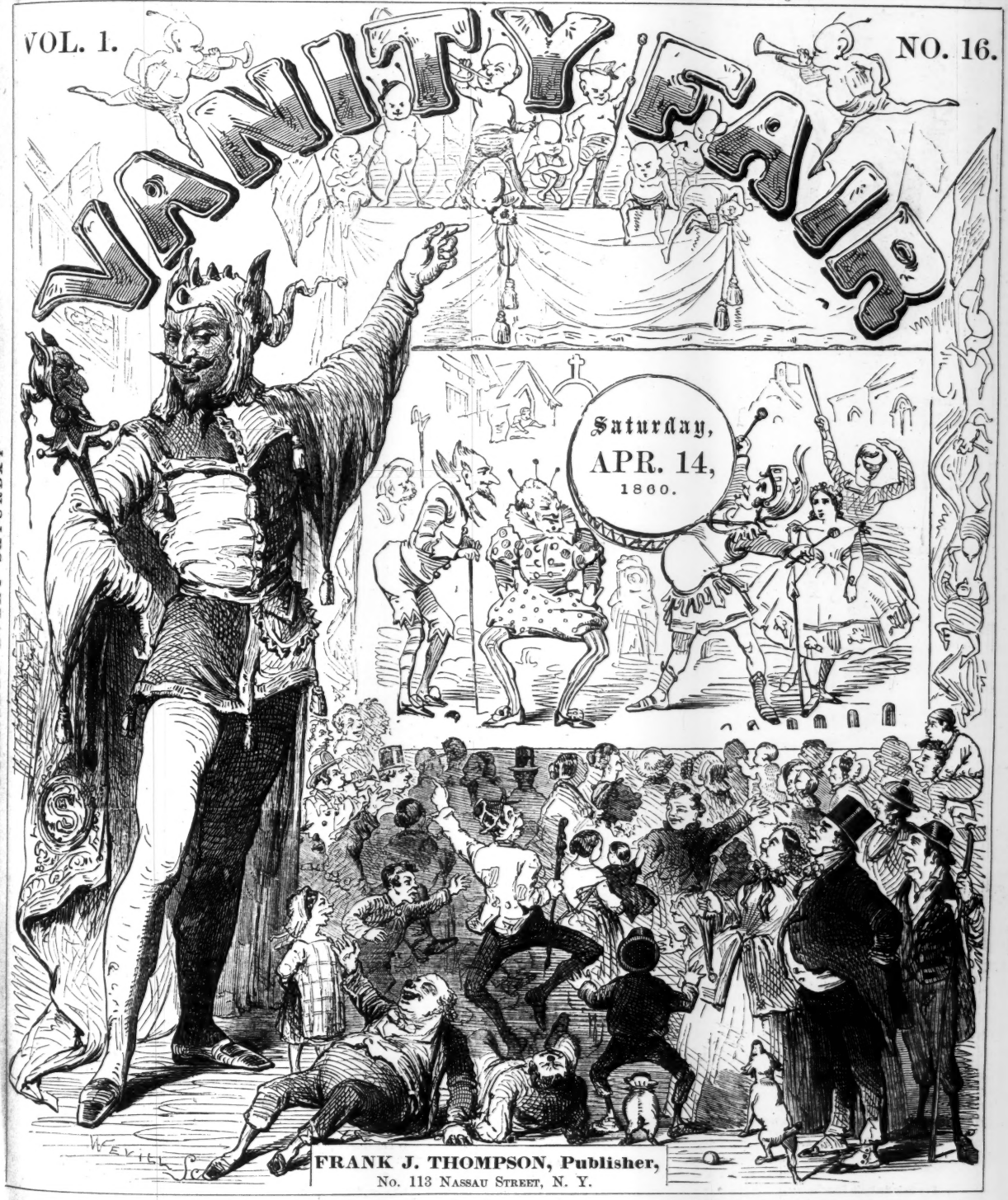
DESIGNING AND ENGRAVING.
There is a DESIGNING AND ENGRAVING DEPARTMENT attached to the VANITY FAIR Establishment, for the execution of Job Work. For advertisement containing particulars, see another column

HOSIERY, UNDERGARMENTS, MEN'S FURNISHING GOODS, GYMNASTIC SUITS, ETC.
A fresh assortment, at reasonable prices, will be found at
No. 96 BOWERY.
A. RANKIN & CO.
[*Established in* 1823.]

ARCHITECTS' AND MECHANICS' JOURNAL. NEW VOL. ENLARGED SIZE. Edited by practical men, and Illustrated. Weekly. $2 a year The most Valuable paper of its kind ever published Publisher, A. HARTHILL, 128 Fulton-st., N. Y. To be had of all News Agents.

VOL. 1. NO. 16.

VANITY FAIR



PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

PRICE, THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM—SINGLE COPIES SIX CENTS.

FRANK J. THOMPSON, Publisher,
No. 113 NASSAU STREET, N. Y.

TO EDITORS THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY.

Various newspapers throughout the Union continually copy articles from VANITY FAIR without credit. The publisher of that periodical begs to state, that as the contents of VANITY FAIR are strictly original, and paid for at liberal prices, professional courtesy would demand from its contemporaries an acknowledgement of the source from which such extracts are derived.

VANITY FAIR

Is furnished to Clubs at the following rates — Five Copies, to one address, $13 00; Ten Copies, $25 00; Twenty Copies, $40 00. An Extra copy will be allowed to the getter-up of every Club of TEN or TWENTY SUBSCRIBERS.

*** VANITY FAIR is Electrotyped, and back numbers may be procured at any time.

Address, FRANK J. THOMPSON,
Publisher and Proprietor, 113 Nassau-street, New-York.

PROGRESS VS. OLD FOGEYISM.

KATE *(who has called to see her friend Bridget)*.—What, Bridget! not done washing yet? Why, I'd give any house the discharge that didn't buy a Cataract Machine. I wouldn't rub my hands to pieces for any woman. We've got one at our house, and I finished up the month's washing three hours ago.

BRIDGET.—I wish the missus would buy one of them things, for I'm nearly dead with this hard work.

Kate was right, for THE CATARACT WASHING MACHINE does its work quickly and easily, without wear and tear of clothes by rubbing. Price $12 00, $14 00, and $16 00. State and County Rights for Sale. Agents wanted. A Machine is in operation at our Salesroom, 439 Broadway, Second Floor.

SULLIVAN AND HYATT,
Agents of the Patentee, 54 Beekman-street, New-York.

WHARTON'S CELEBRATED

CHESNUT GROVE
WHISKEY
J. R. S.

IT IS DISTILLED FROM THE BEST RYE AND MALT. and every Chemical test has demonstrated it to be perfectly pure. The Poisonous Element called "FUSIL OIL," which appertains to Brandy, Gin, and all other Alcohols, is entirely extracted by a process of distillation discovered and known only to the distiller; therefore it is the only stimulant perfectly inoxious. It becomes so thoroughly purified by the above process, and the flavor is thereby rendered so delicate and different from any other Whiskey, that a Diploma was awarded the distiller by the Pennsylvania Agricultural Society in 1859, for its perfectness.

The knowledge of this simple fact of the total extraction of the "Fusil Oil" to Physicians and Chemists (who alone are scientifically acquainted with its poisonous effects on the system) will be sufficient for them to recommend it in preference to the Brandies and Gins in general use. Our medical friends pronounce it to be the only reliable and healthy stimulant suited for both sexes; they prescribe it for cases of debility, dyspepsia, flatulency, &c. It is the favorite beverage in Boston, Philadelphia, and wherever it has been introduced, and I offer it to the New-York public with full confidence that it will meet with general approval both as to quality and price.

BOSTON, *March 7th*, 1859.

I have made a chemical analysis of commercial samples of CHESNUT GROVE WHISKEY, which proves to be free from the heavy Fusil Oils, and perfectly pure and unadulterated. The fine flavor of this whiskey is derived from the Grain used in manufacturing it.

Respectfully,
A. A. HAYES, M.D.,
State Assayer,
No. 16 BOYLSTON STREET.

For Sale to Suit Purchasers.

John R. Surbrug, Sole Agent. No. 81 Cedar Street, New-York.

FILMER & CO., ELECTROTYPERS, 17 DUTCH-STREET, CORNER OF FULTON, NEW-YORK,

Are now electrotyping regularly the following periodicals, viz: Five sets of New-York Ledger; The New-York Mercury; Scientific American; Two sets Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper; Frank Leslie's Illustrated Zeitung; New-York Illustrated News; VANITY FAIR; Together with an immense amount of Engravings and Printers' Jobs. By having the largest facilities in the shape of Electrotype materials, together with thoroughly competent workmen, they can concentrate their force on any given work, and turn out in one day more than any other Electrotype establishment can in a week.

Rates of Advertising in Vanity Fair.

On the 2d and 15th pages, 20 cts. per line each insertion.
On the 16th page 25 " "
On the 1st page $1 00 " "

*** A liberal deduction made in the case of standing advertisements.

W. H. WOODCOCK,
Advertising Agent for VANITY FAIR.

BACK NUMBERS OF
VANITY FAIR

May be obtained of the Newsdealers at any time, as the paper is Electrotyped.

DERR, THOMPSON & CO.,

Commission Merchants

FOR THE SALE OF

COTTON,
TOBACCO,
FLOUR,
GRAIN,
PROVISIONS,
WHISKEY,

AND PRODUCE GENERALLY.
NO. 6 CAMDEN STREET,
Baltimore, Md.

☞ *Liberal Cash advances made on Consignments.*

THE GOLDEN TOILET FISH,
OR
THE LADIES' JEWEL.

AA
NEW
A Toilet
NEW Discov-
THING ery; So t
FRENCH TALLOW
FRENCH TALLOW, for
Beautifying the hair, hair.
For beautifying the hair.
Yes, for beautify- OH! Try it!
ing, Curling, Dressing, Softening,
Smoothing, Glossing, Laying and Set
ting the Hair. MRS. SCIPLE'S SOFT
FRENCH TALLOW! FRENCH TALLOW!
MRS. SCIPLE'S SOFT FRENCH TALLOW!
Imparts a Silky Gloss and Softness. And
also at the same time a Stiffness. As you
dress the Hair, so it remains. Try it! try it.
MRS. SCIPLE'S SOFT FRENCH TALLOW!
TRY IT! TRY IT! TRY IT! TRY IT!
It is the beau ideal of the Toilet. A perfect
Gem. A perfect Gem. A perfect Gem. A per-
fect Gem. For Ladies' and Children's use.
428 BROADWAY. (Depot.) 428 BBOADWAY.
The Ne Plus Ultra of the day. For the Beauty,
Fashion and Respectability. The Ne Plus Ultra of
the day. Delicious. Delightful. Elegant. Try it.
Beautiful. Beautiful. Beautiful. Beautiful. A
New Toilet Discovery; Sciple's Soft French Tallow.
SCIPLE'S SOFT FRENCH TALLOW. DEPOT, 428
BROADWAY, NEAR CANAL STREET, NEW-YORK.
It should be in every Family. It should be in every
Family. It is the best preparation for the Hair
FOR THE HAIR FOR THE HAIR FOR THE HAIR
FOR THE HAIR FOR THE HAIR FOR THE HAIR
FOR THE HAIR FOR THE HAIR FOR THE HAIR
Try it. Try it, Try it. Try it. Try it. Try it. Try it
and then judge. Try it and then judge. Try it.
Keeps the Hair in position. It keeps the Hair soft,
Smooth, Glossy, and in its place and position the
whole day long; it don't dry up, like oils. A NEW
It should be in every Family. Elegant. DISCO
Beautiful. It should be in every Family. VER
It should be in every Family. Delightful. Y!
The best preparation in the world. Try it. y
For Glossy Curls and Luxuriant Hair.
It is the best preparation in the world
A NEW For the Hair. For the hair.
DISCO For the Hair. For the Hair.
VER For the Hair. For the Hair.
Y! SOFT FRENCH TALLOW.
y SOFT FRENCH TALLOW.
FRENCH TALLOW!!
FOR THE HAIR!
FOR THE HAIR!
FOR THE HAIR!
Mrs. ISABEL SCIPLE,
Depot, 428 Broadway,
Near Canal-street, N. Y.
Retail price, 50 cents a box.
For sale by first-class houses,
Everywhere! Everywhere!
Beautiful. Beautiful.
Elegant. Elegant.
Very! Very.

The Great Hair-dresser.
The Great Hair-dresser.
The Great Hair-dresser.
Office 428 Broadway,
A few doors above Canal-street.

A Terpsichorean Tabby.

In an account of a ball recently given in Paris by Gen. Fleury, a correspondent alludes to a character quadrille in which one lady—the Countess de Vie, doubtless a lively creature—appeared as Puss in Boots, and adds that "what was extremely amusing was the "*verve* with which the guests kept up the "characters they were representing." We know, ourself do, a large number of ladies who can "keep up the character" of cat without the least difficulty; and as the feline race is noted for its fondness for playing with balls they could probably engage in those elegant festivities. But their facility in this way is the reverse of "extremely amusing."

The Force of Example.

It is pleasant for us to know that VANITY FAIR is doing any humble thing in the cause of early piety. As an immediate result of the Juvenile Library, see this from the advertising columns:

"*The Independent* will hereafter be made as attractive to Children as to full-grown Men and Women."

But what is this but an attempt to make capital out of our enterprise? All full-grown men and women know that they have always been treated like Children by the *Independent*.

Very Commendable.

We read in a morning paper that Mrs. Sophie Lager delivered a lecture about something or other at the Cooper Institute last Friday evening. The reader will please give us credit for our manifest fortitude in not making a pun on her name.

The Oldest Woman.

"Rita," the writer of her own autobiography, just published, says at the very start, "I was the first-born of English parents." Her Autobiography will be a good thing for the Historical Societies.

A CURIOSITY THAT WILL ONLY BE FOUND IN RARE OLD COLLECTIONS A HUNDRED YEARS HENCE: STUFFED COUNTER-JUMPER OF 1860 IN A CAGE OF THE PERIOD.

THE MODEL STATESMAN.

UNLESS somebody sends to the office of VANITY FAIR a full and reliable account of Wigfall, or unless from some part of the land a voice is heard claiming his nativity, or unless somebody comes to town who knows Wigfall, the now agitating questions of What Is It? and Who Is the Man for Charleston? will cease to harass or to mystify the able and the brilliant editor. For it must be evident to the most casual observer of national affairs that with our future destiny Wigfall will have a great deal to do. He is one of the embodiments of the Republican idea, one of the mighty bulwarks of the Constitution, one of the living illustrations of the beauty and majesty and ease of self-government. In time of trouble we shall have to turn to Wigfall. When a foreign foe—let 's say New Jersey—invades, we will have to look to Wigfall with the patriot's hope. Wigfall is largely instrumental (and vocal) in causing tyrants to tremble and thrones to totter. Despotism all over the world shivers and goes pale at the name of Wigfall.

He is no less a philosopher than a statesman. His utterances are those of an accomplished and popular oracle. Go to, Walt Whitman, thy slabs of wisdom are all in a crumble compared with the granitic chunks that fall from Wigfall! Rising in the Senate of the United States on the 4th inst., "Poverty," he said, "was a crime. "The man who was poor had sinned, and there was a screw loose "in his head somewhere." Not for a moment to dwell upon the profundity of social knowledge here so tersely revealed, don't you think you never met a more pleasing picture of the immediate effect of sin than is given? All the screws in Wigfall's head are tight, and he doubtless carries the screw-driver about with him; but what is to prevent the screws from working through the craniums of the starving sinners that we meet in our daily walks abroad, and protruding in hideous Irony?

Statesman, Philosopher, Poet, Wigfall is also a Wit of the first water,—perhaps we should say of the first brandy-and-water,—and he is wanted immediately for VANITY FAIR. "He would amend "the bill to read, 'For the encouragement of crime, providing for "'criminals, and violating the Constitution.'" What a happy construction of the measure proposed by the Homestead Bill! How susceptible such a Bill of mirthful and sarcastic treatment!

One chunk, however, is not so heavy as the rest, and will not, consequently, have so much weight with the whole country. "It "was a great mistake of any man to suppose that the people had "no sense." [Laughter.] Nobody is surprised by the brackets and their contents, for people never supposed "that the people had no "sense,"—it was only their Representatives, like Wigfall.

The State of Texas will hereafter repose especial confidence in Wigfall, we fancy, for he gives out, in this most public way, that "she has a right to do what she pleases with her own property, "to give it to a missionary society, to publish a Bible, or to gamble "it off in hell. [Laughter.] Texas was a free, sovereign State, and "exercised rights which were not delegated to this miserable one-"horse concern in Washington. [Renewed Laughter.]" Than which Texas probably never received a more delicate or discriminating compliment in the whole course of her federal life.

"Mr. Wigfall continued at length." But we have followed him as far as our limits will permit, yet only far enough to intensify our desire to know all about the Senator. From what auspicious cloud did Wigfall fall? Had he ever any parents, or was he the result of some mighty convulsion of nature? And, O! we ask the *Herald*, if he can be the Man for Charleston?

Barnyard Swallows.

Thorley's Food for Cattle.

The Drink for the Wise.

A Draught of the Seine.

OUR EASTER EGG.

RELIGIOUS SUNDAY AMUSEMENTS.

We are charmed to find that the Sunday Law people do not propose to prevent that amiable and useful (not to say ornamental) class, the Sensation Parsons, from working for their bread and butter on the Sabbath. We never quite understood why one profession only should be permitted to enjoy the liberty of doing professional labor on that awful day;—but the question is something musty, and we will not here discuss it. The last Sunday Bill introduced at Albany is an Act to Preserve the Public Peace and Order on the First Day of the Week, Commonly Called Sunday. How this could be done, without putting a stop to some of our Melodramatic Expounders, we do not see. Those energetic gentlemen, however, are provided for in Section I. of the bill, as follows:

I. It shall not be lawful to exhibit on the first day of the week, commonly called Sunday, to the public, in any building, garden, grounds, concert-room, or other room or place within the city and county of New-York, any interlude, tragedy, comedy, opera, ballet, play, *farce*, *negro minstrelsy*, negro or other dancing, or any other entertainment of the stage, or any part or parts therein, or any equestrian, circus, or *dramatic performance*, or any *performance* of *jugglers*, *acrobats*, or rope-dancing, or any musical performance, *except as part of religious worship!*

The negro business—so prominent in some pulpits—the farces, dramatic effects, juggling, contortions, and summersaults, to which many Reverends are now addicted, will go on, uninterrupted, under sanction of the last clause of this extraordinary bill. We are glad of it. The good people have made such a terrible day of Sunday—such a time of penance and mortification—that amusements in the pulpit have become quite necessary, in order to keep us bad people from downright stagnation. How the good people feel, on an average, we have of course no means of knowing; but they must be right, and it must be infinitely nicer to sit through a blue-fire performance by the Reverend Jno. Biblebanger, or a burnt-cork and curled-hair sympathy recitation by the Reverend Gnawfile Graves, than to stroll with one's wife and little ones in the Central Park, while Podworth's or the Seventh Regiment band discourse sweet sounds. There is no disputing about tastes, but—we wish there were!

How to raise the Rhino.

Go and see Mr. Noyes at Dan Rice's circus in Philadelphia, and his performing Rhinoceros, and you will find out.

PUGILISM FOR THE BOUDOIR.

BY OUR CHESS EDITOR.

The accounts of Prize fights which we have so often thrust upon our notice by the sporting papers, are couched in such vulgar and brutal slang as to render them inadmissible to our hearths and homes. We propose to change all this, and to show that pugilistic encounters may be chronicled in such polite phrase as to render them admissible to the Boudoir. We give an example to-day, slightly anticipating the transatlantic news.

Game No. 1.

A lively skirmish between Herr Von Heenan and M. De Sayers, played at the English Pug. Club, April 16, 18[60].

(Two Knights Opening.)

White (Von Heenan).	Black (De Sayers).
1. Maul to B. nob.	1. Guard from right.
2. Fib from left shoulder.	2. One for W[hite]. Peeper.

(This constitutes the Two Knights opening,—a very brilliant defence, but is pronounced in Hyer's Handbüch not sound.)

3. Crusher for B. mug.	3. Clarets.
4. Feint right and left.	4. Tap on W[hite] center.

(Beautifully played by Black; for if White reply 5. One for his ribs, the Black plays, 5. Dodge to the right, followed by Two for his knowledge-box, &c., obtaining a fine position.)

5. Clarets.	5. Maul takes Maul.
6. Fist takes B. ribs.	6. Staggers to Bottle-holder.

(Decidedly weak, though it is difficult to say what better move he had at this point.)

7. Covers with right.	7. Rush for W[hite] nob.
8. Stops with his left (check).	8. Black to Bl[ack]'s square.

(A judicious move, anticipating advance of White's r. maul, which would have been very embarrassing.)

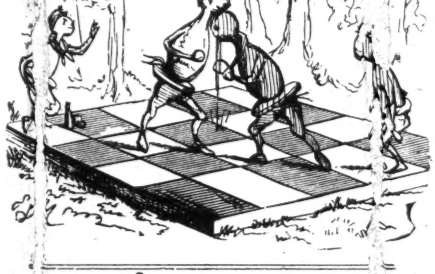
9. Lond Melford to proboscis.*	9. Daddle to Peeper.
10. Peeper takes B. daddle.	10. Dash to his mug.
11. Dodge to the left.	

(Well played, showing a careful analysis of the position.)

	11. Counters with right.
12. Peeler for nob (check).	12. Closes.
13. Punches his 'ead.	13. Backs to stage.
14. Crusher for mug.	14. Guards with his left.
15. B. nob in chancery.	

And White announced Belt in seven rounds.

The termination of this game is one of the finest things on record. Black played with his accustomed nerve and foresight, but White's irresistible attack was sustained throughout in a masterly manner. We give below a diagram of the position at White's 15th move.



The Height of Impudence.

ACCORDING TO BENNETT.

The interference of the New York Legislature with the Seignorial rights of J. G. B. at Washington Heights.

*This beautiful *coup* was introduced by the great master Lavet[to], in his famous match with the Flaming Tinman, and must inevitably break up Black's centre.

THE LAMB!

The day after the Rev. Thomas Starr King had been bidden good-by, Mr Greeley, in speaking through the *Tribune* of the farewell festival, said,

"The repast was termed a breakfast, though the company did not sit down to it till after midday."

There is in this a touch of Arcadian simplicity, and a freshness that is simply invigorating. No tonic that we know is so good to try as this oasis in the arid desert of humanity.

Simple, single spirit! We see thee in the rosy morn, after a cheerful night's work writing the entire *Tribune*, lightly tripping to the Fifth-Avenue Hotel, with a clean face and a sharp appetite! The milkmen are thy only companions, and thy heart expands with the prospect of a generous bowl of milk, and a piece of fresh bread, and an egg newly laid!

Sweet primitive! Dear lamb! Know, by the lonely waiter that vacantly stares when thou askest him where the Unitarian feeders be, by the white silence of the still slumbering hostelry, that quite a long way from Arcadia is the modern cuisine! We love thy immortal youth, man of an earlier and a purer age, but thy vocabulary must be overhauled! When thou gettest the Best thou wilt find the term breakfast to signify "a "noontide repast, designed to stay the stomach of the fashionable world;" Dinner, "the meal "of the evening, intended to preclude the "light of day, and to prepare the way for," Supper, "food taken hot at midnight, on which "people go to sleep!"

Condensed Lye.

The Soap mine said to have been recently discovered.

OUR ARTIST, ANNOYED BY HIS LANDLADY'S HABIT OF BOLTING INTO THE ROOM WITHOUT KNOCKING, GETS HIS MODEL UP A LA CAMANCHE.

ARTIST *(encouragingly to landlady who precipitately enters).*—Don't stir, Ma'am. It will be over in a minute. *(Landlady supposes he alludes to the scalping process.)*

THE DELIGHTS OF DEBATE.

THE art, or science, of conducting a clear, convicting, and intelligent debate, wherein are no unnecessary words and no irrelevant remarks, flourishes just now at our Governmental Capitol in a greater degree of perfection, perhaps, than anywhere else in the world.

The dignity, manliness and intelligence displayed in the House of Representatives, on Thursday last, exemplify this fact in a dreadfully forcible manner. The occasion was a speech by Mr. Lovejoy, a Member of Congress and the Republican faction, and a gentleman of the most curious regard for decency, politeness, parliamentary etiquette, etc.

Having something to discuss, Mr. Lovejoy put forth the theory that the people of the South, and especially their representatives there present, were "worse, more wicked, more criminal, more in-"glorious to man and abhorrent to God," than if they had been robbers, pirates, and polygamists. This was a splendid argument, rational and clear-headed to the last degree, particularly when strengthened by Mr. Lovejoy's physical manifestations. He left his seat, pressed over toward the benches of the Democratic Faction, and, shaking his fists at the Southern Gentlemen, howled his words out like a first-class menagerie full of hyenas and jackalls.

But, if Mr. Lovejoy is strong on discussion, so are some of his brothers on the other side. Mr. Barksdale, for instance, opposed to these chaste arguments, another, in every way worthy of them. He playfully shook his gold-headed bludgeon at Mr. L., saying, "You lying scoundrel, come over here if you dare!"

Great interest now became apparent among all present, and Mr. Lovejoy continued his enunciations by asserting that nobody could intimidate him. A Gentleman from Kentucky, knowing that actions spoke louder than words, began paring his nails with an enormous bowie-knife;—rather a loud action. Subsequently, he told Mr. L. that he "must and should sit down," but remained standing himself, and defied the Sergeant-at-Arms to make him take his seat.

These highly effective and convincing elucidations of the question under discussion, had the effect of producing—singularly enough—a little confusion; but it was partially abated, after a time, when Mr. Sherman remarked, "We are all in good order now;" a proposition so obviously jocose that it was received with a universal roar of laughter, in the midst of which, according to parliamentary observance, Mr. Lovejoy continued his speech. He said that he had sworn to support the Constitution, but as his Southern friends were in the habit of beating their servants to death with handsaws, he interpreted that document in a different way from theirs.

To clear up this point, Mr. Bonham pithily remarked, "You vi-"olate it, sir." Mr. Ashmore added, "And you perjure yourself!" Before Mr. Lovejoy could recover from the effect of this profound and astute train of reasoning, Mr. Singleton brought up a still more clinching argument: "And you are a negro-thief into the bar-"gain!" said he. Here the discussion was terminated by Mr. Barksdale, who, with equal elegance and force, asserted that he held no parley with a perjured negro-thief.

This brilliant deduction threw much light upon the subject, and Mr. Lovejoy proceeded to bring out his reserved arguments and hypotheses. He continued, claiming that the gentleman had murdered his brother, twenty years ago, and averring that they would soon be displaced in Congress by more sensible men. Mr. Barksdale endeavored to overthrow this proposition by a few sound and telling words, saying that the meanest negro in the South was Mr. Lovejoy's superior; but Mr. L. corrected the statement by replying that Old John Brown stood a head and shoulders higher than any man there, until he was strangled. Moreover, he, Lovejoy, loved the South. A Voice assured him that the affection was not reciprocal; whereupon Mr. L. compared himself to the Saviour, and advised Virginia to clothe herself in sackcloth and ashes. The debate was closed by Mr. Martin, who explained and settled the whole question by observing that if Mr. Lovejoy came to Virginia, they would hang him higher than they hung Old John Brown.

As not only the whole nation, but the whole civilized world, is looking pretty earnestly upon the American Republic and its Governmental Centre, we cannot but feel proud of such wit and wisdom as cluster about the House of Representatives. The only pity about us is, that these Gentlemen are such a pack of ruffianly blackguards!

ONE MRS. BROWN OF LYNN.

HE gallant W. F. Oliver, whilome Marshal and director of the female strikers at Lynn, has resigned his post, for the reason that "he was not only worn out in body, but sick at heart." Considering that in connection with his other duties he was obliged to listen to the eloquence of one Mrs. Brown, who, not satisfied with firing at the Bosses, indulged in random pops at the magnates at Washington, we can easily understand the fearful trials through which this unhappy man has passed, and wonder, after reading the reports of the latest effort of Mrs. Brown, that he has not deliberately stowed himself away in the Retreat at Hartford. Perhaps, upon second thoughts, it might be better if she were invited to take up her abode there, and so save the remaining frail masculine creatures from the alarming physical and mental prostration of poor Oliver.

Let Mrs. Brown be henceforth enrolled with that noble band of femininity headed by Rev. Antoinette Brown and Mrs. Lucy Stone Blackwell. Let her hide her light no longer under a bushel. Let her nightly take the soft part of the bed from Brown, and ignominiously expel him with her pedal extremities if he does not acknowledge the doctrine of Woman's Rights. Let her pay New York a visit, and honor the Cooper Institute with an oratorical display, for great are the Strikers of Lynn, and a ten-strike is Mrs. Brown.

When the Senators of the United States were informed "amidst "much laughter and applause" that they, the Strikers, had acted more like gentlemen than the Conscript Fathers, how must they have shrunk in their boots, and retired into their cavernous dwellings, at the fearful sarcasm! And when she paid her respects to Mr. Edmundson, of Virginia, and Mr. Hickman, of Pennsylvania, and said, "Virginia was a great State to boast of her Chivalry," &c. &c., how infinitesimally small Mr. Edmundson, and every inhabitant of Virginia, must have felt, and how much too large for the Village of West Chester, the doughty word-champion of Pennsylvania, must instantly have become!

And O! Mrs. Brown, "sich manners" for an unprotected female like you to reiterate a senseless sneer upon a sovereign State and its people, which, independent of its bad taste coming from a "lady "stitcher," or a lady of any degree, was as foreign to the subject before the meeting, as was the suggestion of Marie Antoinette to the poor people of Paris, when they wanted bread, to eat cake! VANITY FAIR, in the simplicity of its heart, has supposed that you needed and wished for all the sympathy that good men and women throughout the land were willing to give to your cause; but it seems from the great laughter which accompanied the remarks, that a brisk cannonade of small-arms well directed against every State, and every people, who may happen to entertain different views from the strikers of Lynn regarding the propriety of being butchered in their beds, is the merriest of merry jokes to be enjoyed even by the Mark Tapleys of Lynn, who can afford to be jolly under all their difficulties, even though that outburst of jollity should grate harshly upon the feelings of others, and should be marked in the memory of all sensible persons as a lamentable want of that Christian Charity, and its accessory weight of public opinion, which they seek to aid them in their struggles for their daily bread.

"Sweet Auburn" Soured.

One of the Members of the New York Legislature, with a fiendishness, which we did not think he carried about his person, and at which, in one of his character—now that we have failed to find out who he is—we are unspeakably astonished, on Wednesday of last week proposed and had carried a Bill enforcing the removal of insane convicts from Utica to Auburn. As if it were not enough for Auburn to have in its midst a States-Prison, full of convicts in a more or less proper frame of mind, this awful Legislator must impose upon it a batch of raving and incomprehensible idiots. We condole deeply with Auburn for this infliction, and more deeply still for the great blow it will receive in never again being called, in that famous line of the poet,

"Sweet Auburn! loveliest Village of the Sane."

JOURNALISTIC EXPOSURES.

How the New-York Newspapers are Edited.

[Knowing that everything which is nobody's business is always very interesting to everybody, we have procured information—at an enormous expense—concerning the management of the newspapers of the metropolis. The public may rest assured that the assertions here made are strictly true and reliable in every particular.—EDS. V. F.]

The Tribune.

Our reporter spent half a day in trying to find the editorial offices of the *Tribune*, and finally discovered that there are none. The writing is all done at the various homes of the two hundred editors who conduct the paper, and each hands his "copy" to the printers every night, when it is immediately put in type without supervision.

The names of the editors, written on slips of paper, are then shuffled together in a hat, and drawn one by one. The first drawn has his article at the head of the first column, the second next, and so on, *seriatim*, till the paper is full. All articles left over are printed in pamphlet form, to be used as campaign documents. The only imperative rule enforced is that Kansas shall be mentioned twice, or oftener, in every column. The public will now understand the somewhat confused, hodge-podgy arrangement of the *Tribune*, which has created so much remark.

The Herald.

Mr. Bennett writes everything that appears in the *Herald*, including the advertisements,—a task which would rather stagger any man of less facility, ability, and versatility. To Mr. Bennett, however, it is a mere trifle. He performs all his journalistic labors with the greatest ease, before breakfast, and amuses himself by purchasing railroad-stocks and playing on the ophicleide, the rest of the day. The *Herald* is considered rather a good paper.

The Times.

This Journal is edited in the ordinary manner—a very ordinary manner indeed.

The Evening Post.

The *Post* is conducted by a poet and two reporters. The poet is not permitted to write anything, however, because he finds it impossible to avoid rhyming, and rhyme is not suitable for dignified editorials. The reporters hardly ever write anything either, and it may be considered a mystery how the paper is filled up. The general impression is that the managers send out for three pages of matter, and rely upon the telegraphic news to make out the fourth.

The Evening Express.

The *Express* is conducted by Brooks Brothers, and very economically, the total expense amounting to seven dollars a month, only. This low figure is reached by a happy system of gratuitous writing on the part of all persons connected with the establishment, and by the non-admittance of any expensive news into the paper. The office-boy is a Know-Nothing.

The Daily News.

Nothing is known of the way in which the *News* is edited. The editors and proprietors know as little about it as anybody.

The Daybook.

Less is known about the *Daybook* than the *News*.

The Courier and Enquirer.

The Commercial Advertiser.

Entirely filled with advertisements, written by a boy at a salary of twelve shillings a week.

The Sensation Story Papers.

All these are edited by Ned Everett and Ned Buntline.

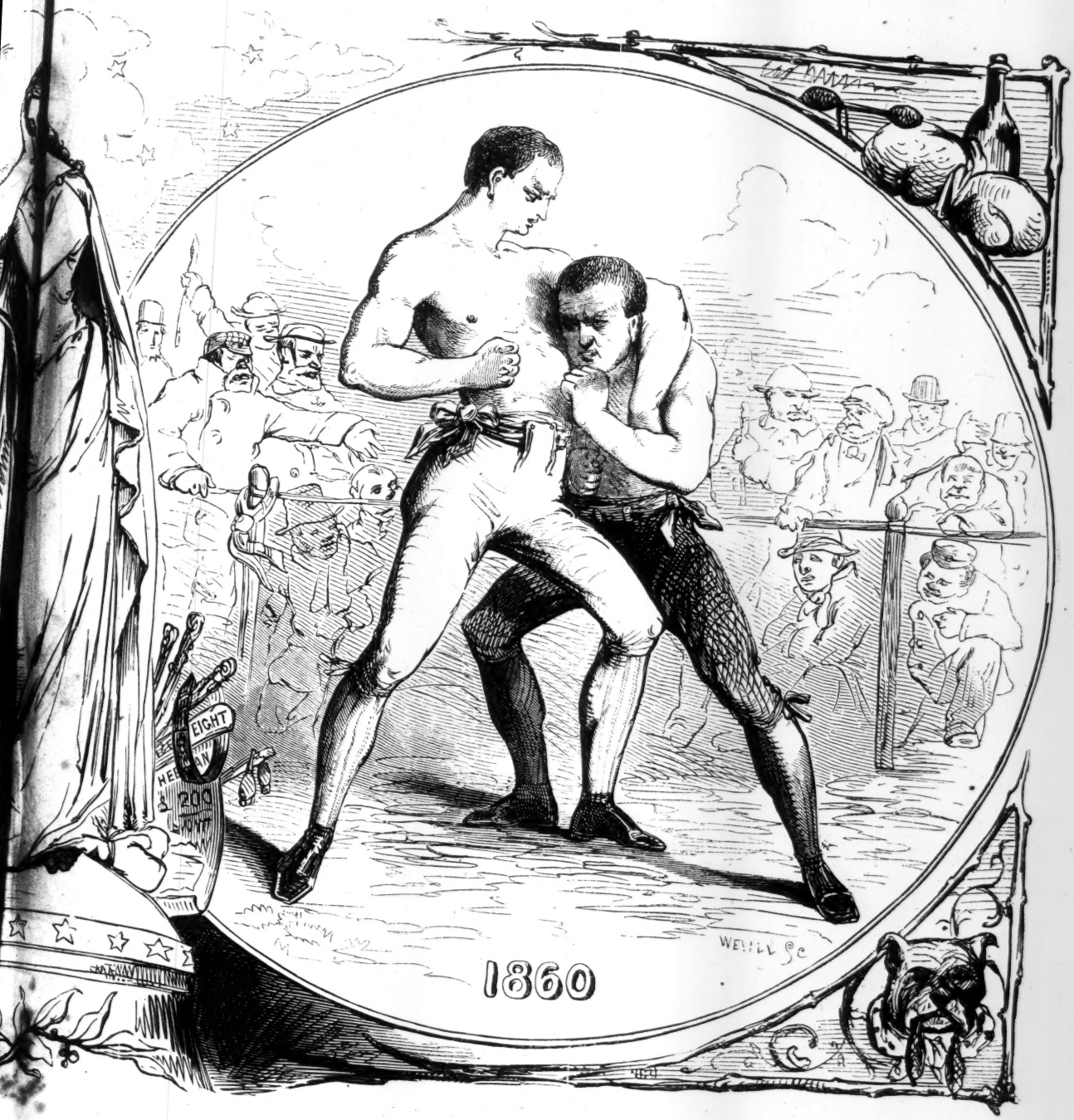
The Sunday Papers.

Our reporter could not discover that the Sunday Papers were edited at all.

Vessels of Wrath.

Retorts.

THE TWO



CHAMPIONS.

THE BALLAD OF FISTIANA.

[*After Tennyson.*]

My form is wasted with my woe,
Fistiana.
There is no fame for me below,
Fistiana.
My fame has gone like melted snow,
Though I can hit a heavy blow,
Fistiana.
Alone I wander to and fro,
Fistiana.

Once, my fame was widely growing,
Fistiana,
Day and night my friends were crowing,
Fistiana;
I was blowing, wine was flowing,
When I was to battle going,
Fistiana;
But, alas! 't was nought but blowing,
Fistiana.

In the ring, till almost night,
Fistiana,
I stood proudly up in fight,
Fistiana,
Although the blood blinded my sight,
With stars that glimmered swift and bright,
Fistiana,
And left my eyes in shocking plight,
Fistiana.

The umpire stood against the wall,
Fistiana;
He watched my fist among them all,
Fistiana;
He saw me fight; I heard him call:
My foeman was both strong and tall,
Fistiana;
He pressed me close against the wall,
Fistiana.

My heavy counter went aside,
Fistiana,—
The false, false counter went aside,
Fistiana,—
The curséd counter glanced aside;
I missed his nob: my blow was wide,
Fistiana,—
My blow was very wild and wide,
Fistiana!

O, narrow, narrow was the space,
Fistiana!
Loud rang my backers' heavy bass,
Fistiana.
O, deathful blows were dealt apace,
The battle deepened in its place,
Fistiana;
But I went down upon my face,
Fistiana!

They should have sponged me where I lay,
Fistiana;
How could I rise and come away,
Fistiana?
How should I look, the second day?
They might have left me where I lay,
Fistiana:
Bruised, mauled and pounded into clay,
Fistiana.

O! feeble nose, why didst thou break?
Fistiana!
O! me, so pale and limp and weak,
Fistiana;
I took a smile, but could not speak,
With such a jaw, and lip, and cheek,
Fistiana:
Where fists had played at hide-and-seek,
Fistiana.

They cried aloud; I heard their cries,
Fistiana.
Their plaudits rent the very skies,
Fistiana.
I felt the tears and blood arise
Up from my heart into my eyes,
Fistiana:
Who says there 's fun in fighting, lies,
Fistiana!

O! curséd hand! O! curséd blow!
Fistiana!
Unhappy me, by it laid low,
Fistiana!
All night my claret seemed to flow;
I sat alone in utter woe,
Fistiana:
To fight again I 'll never go,
Fistiana!

O! fight that ripens o'er the sea,
Fistiana:
I hardly dare to think of thee.
Fistiana.
I 'm so played out and up a tree
I can't afford to witness thee,
Fistiana:
I 'll have to stay this side the sea,
Fistiana.

THE HON. G. B. ON THE P. R.

THE Hon. Grantley Berkeley has written a letter to the London *Field*, in which he proves conclusively, to his own satisfaction, that "the manly art "of self-defence" is the only safety of our race from assassination and sudden death. Its cultivation, he asserts, will prevent "those murdering, unmanly, "rough-and-tumble fights, which are "so prevalent in America, where men "grovel like savage beasts on the "ground, and bite, gouge, kick, "scratch, and take every unfair ad-"vantage that may tend to blind, "maim, or emasculate for life." Good for the Hon. G. B.! A full, strong, flowing sentence, replete with harmonious words. We did not watch the Hon. G. B. while travelling through this country, and until this time we had not the slightest idea that the gentleman had fallen into such company. We have become an entire convert to the opinion of the Hon. Gentleman, and shall, in the future, do our best toward the cultivation of muscle. And yet, we have some strange memories of men who have been taken out of the P. R. battered and bruised, to yield up their still pugnacious breath almost on the very sod where they fought. We have also some memories of the same kind in our own P. R.,—one especially, occurring within a few miles of this enlightened city, wherein a man by the name of Lilly beat one named McCoy to death. Then we have memories of many stabbings, shootings and gougings, by these same artists of the P. R. The Hon. G. B. holds that the prize-ring should be countenanced and upheld by gentlemen, or in two words that a fair fist fight is the only true aspiration for everybody. We think we see in the dim future, America following the advice of the Hon. Gentleman. We think we see Horace Greeley and Mr. Wm. C. Bryant stepping into the P. R. to settle their old standing differences. We think we see Roger A. Pryor coming from Washington, offering to fight James Gordon Bennett for $500 a side, and going into training at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. Opposing lawyers can settle their cases by fighting each other for the retainer. Clerical disputants may follow the same course, backed by their respective persuasions; while business competitors may take a few rounds to decide which shall have the customer. O! most wise and excellent G. B., you have indeed "put up your hands," this time, with a vengeance.

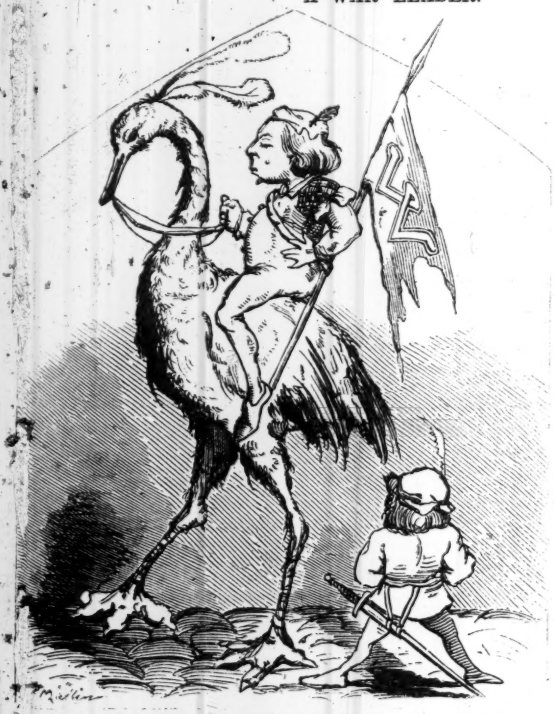
A True "Barbaric Yawp."

The milkman's morning cry.

A Ten-Strike that ought to be made.

The dismissal of the Ten Governors.

A WAR LEADER.



AR is inevitable, for, however much we might desire that the friendly relations which have heretofore existed between the United States and New Jersey should be preserved, we cannot longer disguise the fact that the present attitude assumed by that power renders a resort to arms almost inevitable. War is always to be deplored. It drains the country of its resources, and brings with it a train of horrors. But there is a point beyond which endurance ceases to be a virtue, in national as well as in individual affairs; and we are prepared to enter upon a severe and perhaps protracted strife with New Jersey, fortified by the assurance that it is not until her oppressions and open violations of international faith have rendered it necessary to the honor and welfare of the States.

We cannot forget the indignities heaped upon our citizens, during a long term of years, by the Camden and Amboy. Too patiently have we submitted to the cruel impositions practised upon our people while travelling—never but by necessity—through their wild and inhospitable domains. The blood boils at the recital of all the wrongs endured in the transit from State to State—the dreary uncultivated waste, permitted to remain without one object to gladden the passing eye; the utter lack of all accommodation, and the stubborn reticence, on the part of the inhabitants, forbidding all attempts to cultivate a cordial reciprocity of sentiment; the heartless extortions of the landed proprietors in absurd sums demanded for scrawny and hot fruits and, in the summer, for even a cup of cold water. Few have not felt the hostility of the New-Jerseymen in one way or another, and we are sure that our gallant countrymen will be animated in the battles that will be fought on their soil by a zeal unequalled except in the annals of the glorious Revolution.

The immediate cause, however, of the impending campaign is not to be traced to the avarice and cruelty of Camden and Amboy. In defiance of all maritime equity, the fishermen of the Jersies have invaded the peaceful waters of the bay and there planted their hostile Shad-Poles! Our flag has been insulted by these flaunting ensigns, and the commerce of the City of New-York has suffered great embarrassment. Vessels have been interrupted. Valuable copper has been torn from their bottoms! Emboldened by their success and by their apparent immunity from all law, the fishermen have at length reached a pitch of audacious insolence which it would be treachery to the memory of our gallant forefathers to tolerate.

Even now we hear the clash of resounding Shad-Poles, and the bay is alive with the rival fleets. If the operations should extend into the land, and the sands of New Jersey should be stained with the blood of heroic fish, let the people of that realm remember that the work of destruction was brought upon them by their own treachery and malice. The War is inevitable, and let it come!

In our next edition we hope to be able to announce the seizure of the dreaded Camden and Amboy, with all its hideous instruments of torture.

Vanity Fair's

ARRANGEMENTS TO OUTDO ITS CONTEMPORARIES.

From the very first, as the public is thoroughly aware, we have announced our intention not to be surpassed in enterprise. What has been done is not worth doing; but what has not been done shall be our constant aim, as well as to attempt what cannot be done.

With this constantly before our eyes, we should lack the spirit of true journalists did we view the great coming contest, which is to settle the superiority of two great nations, with calmness, and make no effort to obtain the news for our hundred thousand readers in advance of all other journals. To this end we have made arrangements with the heads of that Department, to have the sole use of the Navy upon that day, the 16th of April, a day that will be forever embalmed in history. We shall station the National vessels in a direct line across from Liverpool, putting on board of each one of our most expert ball-players. Immediately that Sayers is whipped, which, of course, he must be, the intelligence is to be done up in a hard ball, and by dexterous throwing is expected to reach this city at midnight of the same day. On the morning of the next we shall issue our paper, with forty-eight illustrations, warranted correct. We flatter ourselves that this move will be a crusher to all competition.

We have also made some arrangements with regard to future murders. It is our intention to get up a series of cuts for stock illustrations, covering every description of murder. By this plan, when a terrible tragedy occurs, we shall suffer no delay,—the cuts will be ready—and we can go immediately to press with a most thrilling account. We shall show that we are worthy public patronage by missing no item calculated to interest, connected with the affair. Should the murder be committed with a knife, we shall give an exact representation of the deadly weapon, and a portrait of the manufacturer of it. We shall give a representation of the mine where the iron first came from, and of the miner who dug it, and that of his family, if he has one,—if not, that of his nearest neighbor. We trust that by following out with our usual perseverance all these interesting points we shall please our patrons. It is farther our intention, when we hear of a murder about to be committed, to have a reporter on the spot, who will of course have superior advantages over those who only come in after the deed is done. If there should be a dearth of such food for the mind, it may be possible that we shall so extend our arrangements as to secure for our exclusive use the commission of a most horrible affair, even though we are obliged to go to the entire expense of getting our operator off. With such liberal catering for the public amusement and instruction, we hope for an increased patronage, that we may feel that our genius and enterprise are appreciated.

The Man for Charleston.

Mr. Lowe, who, it will be remembered, crossed the Atlantic Ocean in a balloon with such flattering success a few months ago, is now airing himself in Charleston. Speaking of certain "short topical ascensions from two "hundred to one thousand feet" that he proposes to make, the *Mercury* (the very paper to go up) says:

"We commend the enterprise to gentlemen who have a taste for the novel and enticing, as affording more exhilaration than ordinary stimulating and exciting adventures."

How delightful a recreation, for instance, for the delegates to the Convention! How beneficial to the whole country if, after the selfish struggles of each day, they could get into a pure atmosphere.

Shad Oh and Substance.

The Philadelphia *Inquirer*, which lately doubled on the public in the matter of sheet, is determined to ransack the heavens above the earth beneath, and the waters under the earth, for news:

"Yesterday we paid a visit to the fishing at Cooper's Point; but as there was no fishermen about, we were unable to ascertain whether there had been any of 'the 'fish' caught or not. We understand from a gentleman whom we met there, that there had been but very few caught, and they of a rather poor kind."

As there was no fishermen about, we are left to the conclusion that the gentleman who was so polite to the dripping and weedy *Inquirer* were a merman. It is hard, however, that such aquatic enterprise should have met with no better success.

A Sovereign Balm for Lawrence Wounds.

The Boston *Transcript*, in which are cultivated all the amenities that make life a tolerable thing to do, has some intelligence from Lawrence, Mass., the scene of a little recent suffering, that cannot fail to tranquillize all the mourners:

"Everything betokens a very successful business season in Lawrence, during the summer months, a circumstance which, so far as material prosperity can do it, will greatly mitigate the effect of the disaster that occurred in that city on the 10th of January last.'

Yes, bleeding hearts, "the new Pemberton "Mill will be completed about the first of "July next." Unsmiling widows, childless too since the 10th of January, "it will be "larger than the old structure." Lovers lost to life and vacantly yearning toward something gone before, "*wooden pillars will be substituted for the iron supports in the old mills!*" Lonely ones all, "nearly all the manufactories have as much as they can do to supply, with sufficient rapidity, their articles of "manufacture."

Is not that better than cambric and livelier than crape?

It Must Be So.

If Truth lies at the bottom of a well, it is not very strange that our Congressmen have never found her there this session? They have certainly proved themselves a set of most indefatigable old Pumps!

The Road for the Democracy.

Rhode Island.

Vehicle for Expression.

A Literary Hack.

OUT GEOLOGIZING.

ARABELLA *(whose soul is wrapped in science).*—Charles, is n't this gneiss?
CHARLES *(who is a material brute, and deeply interested in Arabella).*—Nice! It 's delicious.

AN ENTERTAINING WORK.

UNDER the head of Literature, the Philadelphia *Sunday Dispatch* advertises the proposals of an individual to publish a Directory for 1861:

TO THE PUBLIC.—To avoid the Census-takers, I shall commence the subscription canvass of the CITY DIRECTORY for 1861 on the 1st of May next. The regular canvass of names will not be undertaken until the 1st of October, or as late as possible to issue the work early in January. A corps of canvassers, the acknowledged champions of the United States, have been engaged for the edition of 1861. Price $2 per copy.

Of course this will fill the bosoms of the inhabitants of that staid city with unmeasured delight. To know that they will be accommodated with calls for their subscriptions to this charming Work, some seven months before its publication, will make them uncommonly cheerful whenever the door-bell shall ring, or the knocker receive its brisk rat-tat, as all feminine heads of houses will then be expected to plunge into the darkest recesses of their mansions to avoid the well-known importunity of these gentry. Furthermore, they are informed that "to avoid the census-takers" is the reason why they are to be condemned to these early calls. To every one familiar with the very pressing and searching questions usually administered by these gentlemen, particularly single ladies of an uncertain age, the state of tremulous anxiety into which they will be thrown by this announcement that they are about also, will be maddening in the extreme. Following upon this last dreadful infliction, they are bidden to hold themselves in readiness for the regular canvass of names, at any time between the first of October, and about the first of January. Here are three months more of agonizing suspense until the fatal series of questions is propounded; and to make the matter still more terrible to the nerves of timid housewives, they are informed that the "Corps of Canvassers" are "the acknowledged Champions of the United States." Where is Heenan? Is he to be multiplied by hundreds? We ask the ruthless author of this new Literary Work that is to be, to pause ere he thus afflicts the peaceful residents of that doomed City with a multitudinous herd of warlike invaders, who are to be furnished to them, whether they will or no, at the extremely low figure of two dollars per copy. Ha! can there be a hidden meaning lurking in the phrase, "Corps of Canvassers"? Can it be that the fiend juggles with a joke, and "ma-urders as he se-miles?" Remorseless Being, hold! Vindictive Author, pause! Leave them to the tender mercies of the Census, which the stern Juggernaut of Government decennially requires, but add not to that fearful ordeal the still greater one of encountering your Champions.

DOUGLAS TO THE DEMOCRACY.

(AIR: *O! doubt me not.*—Moore.)

O! doubt me not: the season
Is o'er when Greeley made me rove;
I'll give you many a reason
Why I'll be true to my first love.
Thou know'st my mind was early blown,
And budded forth Democracy;—
True, Horace shook some blossoms down,
But all the fruit I've kept for thee.
Then doubt me not: the season
Is o'er when Greeley made me rove;
But now, maturer reason
Is thine, my first and only love.

My lyres cannot much longer
Sing of Ambition's ardent spell;
They trust me still,—yet stronger
Would be their trust, if I could tell
That I could recompense their love,
With contracts deeper than the sea;
If not, to others they may rove,—
Then what, alas! becomes of me?
Then nominate, this season,
Your faithful servant, S. A. D.,
For my maturer reason
Is thine, my sweet Democracy.

"Say and Seal."

A pretty girl whispers "Yes." Her frantic Accepted kisses her. That 's our present idea on the subject of "Say and Seal."

The Position of the Pope's Temporal Sovereignty.

Imposition.

CONVIVIALITY AT THE CONVENTION.

THE little *Star* that twinkles, twinkles, at the National Capitol, (Washington, in the District of Columbia, strange as it may appear), was pleased to emit the here reflected gleam both of good nature and good sense, not many days ago:

GO PREPARED.—The drinking establishments in Charleston are not allowed to keep open on Sundays. Visitors to that city at the time of the holding of the Democratic National Convention should be made aware of this fact, and prepare themselves accordingly.

Appreciating as we do the impossibility of fostering the true Democratic spirit, or of arranging the affairs of this great country without copious imbibition of the best of tod, we hasten to assure all prospective visitors to the Convention that we have made arrangements to keep up the supply of spirits in VANITY FAIR. In the swift and favorite steamer which has been chartered for the exclusive use of our special artists and correspondents, (who, by the way, will be serenaded on the eve of their departure by a Brass Band, at their sumptuous hotel, with the kind permission of its generous and amply accommodating proprietors), we have determined to stow all varieties of enervating and maddening beverages, such as milk, oil, molasses, and vinegar; and upon our arrival at Charleston, although it should be on the Sabbath Day, we mean to cross the Bar.

For it is perfectly obvious that the mere fact that the "drinking establishments are not allowed to keep open," will not interfere with the bibulous delights of patriotism; and we picture with keen satisfaction the entire body of delegates spending the holy hours of Sunday in a vigorous, conservative, cordial, unsectional booze. Their sacrifices to their country will be made on the altar of Bacchus,—and we need not remind the habitual toper that there is nothing for reconciling your differences, and bringing your men to a common level, like a good "jag," or "load," or "spell of heavy weather." Who were the old fellows who made their drunken slaves an example to their children? We shall be able to improve on that antique sort of thing. Pointing to the host of our most enlightened citizens snoring heavily together after their arduous, self-sacrificing exertions in behalf of the peace and honor of their country, defying the regulations of the city they were forced to accuse of the most wanton inhospitality, by drawing pocket-pistols of the heaviest calibre upon the orderly inhabitants, embracing each other with outgushings of reciprocal sentiment, and giving themselves up to general looseness, we may say, with tumultuous bosoms, to our young and rising, "See, children, the true solution of the great problem of the age, in a glass of stiff without. See the beautiful comprehensiveness of our system, which enables men of various creeds to lie down and actually wallow together, like the innocent beasts, my dears. See how proudly our glorious stars and stripes wave over a land flowing with strychnine and wild fire!"

Will the venerable Chief Executive be very much obliged to us now, if we put him up to a trick by which he can certainly regain all the popularity he has lost in the three years and better of his mal-administration,—if not, indeed, verify the prediction of the *Herald* that he is the "man for Charleston"? Would he like to know how he can cause the blessings of a host to descend upon his hoary head, and accumulate an assortment of honors equal to all the emergencies of his remaining days? Let him quietly and unostentatiously despatch to the scene of Convention a few cargoes of that Old Rye which enjoys such a deserved popularity, and to which he himself is so notoriously partial. We do not see how there could well be a fairer bid for the Presidency than this.

REFORM NEEDED.

We have already spoken of the probable publication of a "Complete Art of Advertising," with illustrative examples from the ductile pen of Mr. N. P. Willis. The sooner it appears the better. Advertisement writers are rapidly sinking into a perfect abandonment of common sense that is too distressing to be borne by the sensitive mind. The feelings of the newspaper public are every day outraged by the development of some new species of torture to which the English language is subjected. Look at one of the latest of these:

AMERICAN SOLIDIFIED MILK.—This preparation is invaluable for infants, invalids, excursion and fishing parties, and for long voyages.

Never was an unlucky preposition so abused before. Itself innocent of evil intention, it yet forces us to the consideration of the most preposterous questions. If two teaspoonfuls, we ask ourselves, be equal to the necessities of a yearning infant, how many will be needed to pacify a tedious long voyage? Or, to put it the other way, if four gallons be sufficient for a common excursion, how many will an ordinary invalid be likely to require? Allowing that what this advertisement sets forth may all be true, why should we have to undergo this mournful mixing up of children in arms, sick people, social politics, and protracted navigation? If Mr. Willis had had this particular matter in hand, how differently he would have treated it! No bungling forms of expression then. On the contrary, limpid rivulets of rhetoric and daintiest felicities of diction. The subject would doubtless have inspired him. The infantile pang of separation from the maternal fount, and the subsequent thrill of relief, upon the application of the substituted compound, would have been vividly portrayed. The sorrows of the sick-bed,—the physical and moral benefits of piscatorial pleasures,—the vicissitudes of the great deep,—would all have been rehearsed with that amplification which Mr. Willis *can* show when impelled by a sufficient motive. But since he cannot write all the advertisements in the world, care should at least be taken to lay it once before his less gifted co-laborers the advantages of his examples. Let not the "Complete Art of Advertising" be long deferred.

A CITY ITEM.

An elderly Scotchman, of piratical appearance, who goes by the name of Jamalow Gordon Bennett, and keeps a disorderly saloon at the corner of Fulton and Nassau streets, was arrested on the 6th instant by the Chief of the Literary Police, as he was making his way towards a piece of bushy ground on Washington Heights, where he is known to have an underground concern in which he manufactures dirt for blackening characters. The arrest was made at the instance of the proprietors of VANITY FAIR, who charge the prisoner with having taken surreptitiously from their safe an article made up in a paper wrapper and labelled "Douglas's Serenade." The article in question was seen on the morning of the 6th instant in possession of the accused, who was exhibiting it in his bar-room to a number of disreputable characters. He subsequently offered it for sale in several of the more respectable parts of the city, but failed to find a purchaser, owing to the suspicion naturally excited by the fact of a person of his appearance being in possession of so valuable an article. This is the same man who, some months ago, palmed off upon the public, through the agency of the *Ledger*, a spurious article called "To Marianne," on which occasion, however, he came off Scot-free, as nobody would avow himself the purchaser of so shabby an affair. Necessity cannot be pleaded as an excuse for his dishonesty, as he is known to make a great deal of money by the preparation of the dirt above alluded to, which he has patented under the title of "Bennett's Denigratory," but which, like all his other manufactures, is a gross imposture, as it evaporates quickly and has a very unpleasant smell. He has now been locked up, on the complaint of the proprietors of VANITY FAIR, in the cell of Public Opinion.

A Jumping Jack.

John Lester Wallack.

SAM COWELL.

AIR: *Lord Lovel.*

Mr. Sam Cowell's a right fnnny man,
And a right funny man is he.

[VERY OLD SONG.

And, what's more, everybody worth mentioning knows it. So that all those who have sense enough to laugh should not fail to attend his

COMIC MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENTS

which he is now giving, in turn, in the principal cities of the West and South. Go and see him, Everybody, when he comes along, and take your wife and children with you.

JOHN F. FEEKS, PUBLISHERS' AGENT,

PACKER AND FORWARDER OF

EUROPEAN AND AMERICAN NEWSPAPERS, PERIODICALS, ETC.

Blank Books, Stationery, Writing, Letter, Book and Wrapping Paper of every description. Cheap Publications, Music, Toys, Toy Books, American and Foreign Cutlery, Lithograph Prints, Engravings, Songs, &c., supplied at the Lowest Wholesale Prices.

Nos. 14 and 16 Ann-street, New-York.

And General Agent for

FRANK LESLIE'S PUBLICATIONS.

84 HOURS TO NEW ORLEANS, ALL RAIL.

ADAMS' EXPRESS COMPANY

are running a DAILY EXPRESS, all rail, between New-York and New Orleans, by which they forward all descriptions of merchandise.

MARK GOODS "84 HOUR EXPRESS."

When the value of contents of Packages is named in receipts, the charges will cover all risk; therefore shippers are respectfully requested to declare the value at time of shipment.

Information respecting Routes, Rates and Time, can be obtained on application to JOHN HOEY, at the Company's office, 59 Broadway.

ADAMS' EXPRESS COMPANY,
New-York.

THIS BEAUTIFUL PLATE,

From the Original in the possession of the subscriber, is respectfully presented by

HENRY SPEAR,

PRINTER, STATIONER AND BLANK BOOK MANUFACTURER,

Nos. 133 Pearl and 86 Beaver-streets
New-York.

MEADE BROTHERS, AMERICAN PHOTOGRAPHIC and DAGUERREOTYPE

PALACE,

No. 233 Broadway, Four doors above the Astor House, New-York. Lately refitted. Established 1841. Galleries Free. 10 Medals awarded for Superior Pictures. 2,000 Pictures on view.

VANITY FAIR,

THE NEW ILLUSTRATED

HUMOROUS AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

"The *Punch* of America."—*N. Y. Herald*, Jan. 19

"If such a work can succeed, VANITY FAIR will and ought to do so. It has a good corps of writers, whose contributions promise to be set on a hill and shine accordingly."—*N. Y. Tribune.*

"VANITY FAIR is the best experiment of the kind yet made in the country. The paper has already contained many things worthy of *Punch* in his brightest days, nor is this surprising when it is known that some of the best wits and most graceful writers in the country contribute to its pages."—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

"There is a good deal in a name, and this name is, to our mind, better than *Punch*. The illustrations in VANITY FAIR have been the best ever produced in a comic paper in this country. They are beautifully drawn, carefully engraved, and not so entirely spoiled in the printing as, in many illustrated papers, woodcuts are spoiled on the press. If this paper shall continue, as it has begun, to take a high meral tone, to keep its pages scrupulously free from the too common wit whose only point is its vulgarity, to attack fearlessly and conscientiously the follies of the times, there will be a fair chance of its pushing its way to success and fame."—*The Independent* (N. Y.)

"The object of VANITY FAIR is a good one, and the parties engaged in it, so far as we are informed, are admirably qualified for their work."—*N. Y. Saturday Press,*

"This new comic paper has passed the trying ordeal of success, and is most decidedly entitled to the support of all those who love pure wit, dashed off from the pen or pencil."—*N. Y. Daily News.*

"There is *vim* in VANITY FAIR. Its illustrations are equal to those which have made *Punch* a power in the metropolis of England; and in fun, piquancy of manner, terseness and humor it equals its great trans-Atlantic cotemporary."—*N. Y. Dispatch.*

"Especially creditable, both in matter and appearance."—*N. Y. Sunday Times.*

"This paper is excellent. . . . . Remarkable for originality."—*N. Y. Traveller.*

"VANITY FAIR is conducted by a vivacious, witty and intelligent corps of journalists."—*Litchfield* (Conn.) *Enquirer.*

"Will wield as potent an influence as that of the London *Punch*."—*Boston Traveller.*

"Whoever finds himself laughing at the wit of VANITY FAIR, and does not return a *quid pro quo*. is fit for 'treasons, stratagems, and spoils.'"—*N. Y. Crayon.*

VANITY FAIR

WILL BE ISSUED REGULARLY ON WEDNESDAY OF EVERY WEEK,

and will be for Sale by all Newsmen, and at the Office of Publication, No. 113 Nassau-street, New York.

TERMS:

Three dollars per annum.—Six cents single cop.

TERMS FOR CLUBS:

Five copies of VANITY FAIR will be sent to one address for	$13 00
Ten copies	25 00
Twenty copies	40 00

An Extra copy will be allowed to the getter-up of every Club of TEN or TWENTY SUBSCRIBERS.

*** VANITY FAIR will only be sent by Mail to places where there are no News Agencies.

This paper is Electrotyped, and back numbers may be procured at any time.

FRANK J. THOMPSON,
Publisher and Proprietor, 113 Nassau-street,
New-York.

BRADY'S GALLERY.

PHOTOGRAPHS,

AMBROTYPES, IVORYTYPES AND DAGUERREOTYPES

643 Broadway, Cor. Bleecker-street.

LADY.—You had better take my advice, Sambo, and use the Japanese Polish

SAMBO.—I'se feared I must, Missus, dat ar Massa Perry takes de shine out of dis chile sure. I golly! don't dem boots of yourn glisten! It only took a minute to put dat ar Japanese Polish on em wid a sponge, and my old elbow has been going hard for de last half hour wid dis ere paste blacking, but I can't bring out no such gloss as dat ar, no how—I shall hab to gub em up beat, dat's a fact.

PERRY'S JAPANESE

BOOT AND SHOE POLISH

Is rapidly taking the place of

BLACKING.

No rubbing is required,
as the polish appears
immediately upon its application.

It does not Soil the Finest Fabric,

in any weather, and its lustre is retained for a great length of time, as

WATER DOES NOT AFFECT IT.

The leather is preserved by it,
and boots and shoes on which it is used last much longer.

Sold everywhere. Manufactured by the

JAPANESE POLISH CO.,

No. 447 Broome-st., one door West of Broadway.

BOOK, JOB AND NEWSPAPER

PRINTING.

THE UNDERSIGNED having purchased the Printing Establishment of VANITY FAIR, supplied with all kind of type and every typographical facility, are now ready to contract for

NEWSPAPER WORK,

and to receive orders for the printing of

BOOKS,

CARDS,

HANDBILLS,

POSTERS, ETC.,

At the lowest rates.

CHAPIN & McLAUCHLAN,

VANITY FAIR OFFICE,

No. 113 Nassau-street